

Regicide

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Regicide

by [isntitcrazy](#)

Summary

Day 1: Royalty AU

“I could care less about you.” Dream let himself move close, close enough to light his chest with tangerine. “What I care about is that crown on your head.”

“A lot of people care about this crown.” He shifted a hand up to adjust it where it sat. “What makes you different?”

There's something intoxicating about someone so powerful falling to their knees, especially before a criminal like Dream.

Notes

surprise i did day one of dnf week! what the hell!

i literally speedran this yesterday oh my god. i cannot believe myself and my dumb habit of making last minute decisions. i am so stupid

don't think too hard about leather gloves. thank you

anyways you'll see more of me this week :]

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream wasn't going to *kill* the king.

That was a job for assassins, and Dream wasn't an assassin. He was a thief, and he never spilled enough blood to kill. Only enough to get caught under his fingernails, only enough to spray red across a white ceramic mask, only enough for him to smell it on his clothes when he shed the smiling cover and counted his ill-recovered blessings.

But it was never enough to kill.

And Dream was only a thief. The only thing he wanted from the palace was encrusted with gold and jewels, shining with something worth more than his life. The king could keep all his pulsing veins intact. Dream would be in and out and the sovereign's heart would still be beating—for that wasn't his ultimate goal.

That didn't mean he was unarmed. The well-sharpened dagger was still strapped to his thigh, an equally lethal sword strung across his back. He kept them tight to his body to hold back the sound, pressed himself against stone walls and bit his tongue beneath the mask. He was more than an expert. He'd done this a thousand times, at least.

Though it was his first time sneaking into the palace, his first time coming so close to a king. But the current holder of the crown was only a week off his coronation—he couldn't be much more than an idiot, whoever he was. There wasn't enough time between then and now for a new royal to learn much of anything important. This king was still in that strange phase of newness, where everyone fawned and practically threw themselves at his feet.

But not Dream. He may have bowed to a previous monarch when he saw him in the streets, but he knew the man who'd paid for his untimely end. He knew that his son had taken the throne a tad too young and stupid. He knew that he hadn't been ready—and it left the odds stacked greatly in Dream's favor.

They kept the crown in the throne room at night. It seemed idiotic at first thought, but the throne room had to be the most heavily guarded room in the palace. And though the basement had a vault, the crown itself was too frequented to be worth locking away. The only thing it would've done was cause a hassle. So it stayed by the throne where the king could find it every morning, close and ready enough to be placed atop his head.

Dream had spent what felt like years preparing to sneak past the guards at the entrance of the throne room. When the moon was high and the kingdom was asleep, well-trained knights stood ready at the heavy doors with weapons in their hands. Dream was already holding his breath before those doors even came into view.

Miraculously, there was only one guard. Dream had to swallow a thick rush of shock. He felt it collapse in the pit of his stomach, but he snuck by anyways. It was pathetically easy, the knight out and on the floor with only the press of gloved hands on his throat.

And Dream just let himself in.

It didn't take long for him to figure out *why* there wasn't any care applied.

There was someone standing by the window. The large windows that backed the throne where it sat, big enough to bask the gold in glimmering sunlight during the day. Big enough to coat the floors silver in this hour of night. And though their back was facing Dream, the sight of anyone unexpected was enough to make a thief stop in their tracks.

No one had bothered to prepare him for this. For the sight of a slim figure bathing in moonbeams, for the cascading sheen of fabric that was a cape in an unidentified color, for the glimmer of the crown he'd been sent here for—still sat atop the king's head.

The king turned his head to the side. Dream could tell that his gaze was still cast toward the window. He was clueless at best.

"I thought I told you," his voice was harsh enough to be a monarch, but his accent was thick and swirling, "not to let anyone in here right now."

Dream couldn't help but laugh. It came out low and rumbling, perhaps muffled behind white ceramic. And he watched with interest when the king lifted his head up slightly, catching the sudden thought of *stranger* when it covered a moonlit face.

"I don't remember you telling me anything," Dream let a twisted smirk cross his hidden lips, "your *majesty*."

Both the accompanying bow and the tone of voice he used were soaked feverish in sarcasm. And though Dream had been told to never take his eyes off a target, he had always been one for theatrics. So he let his face fall toward the floor for a brief moment, lifted his chin up to catch sight of the now fully-turned figure—a startled face now looking toward him, basked orange in the underglow of a candle in hand.

"Who are you?"

Dream was almost surprised by the way his voice didn't shake. The king held himself firmly, eyes narrowed despite prior confusion. And Dream approached him with crossing steps, let another laugh fall past his covered mouth, tilted his head sideways in a threat-laced tease.

"I think that should be the least of your worries." Dream stopped walking before the throne. Left something royal and gold stood between himself and the king.

The flame flicked atop the wick of the candle. "Did you come here to kill me?"

"I wasn't." Dream shrugged, arms moving to cross over his chest. "But if you get in the way, I will."

The king scoffed. "You cannot kill me in a way that matters."

"Oh." Dream dared to take another step forward. "You've got a tongue on you, huh? I thought they taught you how to hold your lips when you're a royal."

Pale knuckles tightened around wax. "Those rules don't apply to people like you."

"People like me?" Dream let his laugh cast playful. "Who are people like me?"

"People who sneak into the castle when it's dark out." The shift of pale hands brought orange light close enough to lick warmly up his throat. "And if my death is only an afterthought to you, then I

hope you'll show me no mercy."

"I could care less about *you*." Dream let himself move close, close enough to light his chest with tangerine. "What I care about is that crown on your head."

"A lot of people care about this crown." He shifted a hand up to adjust it where it sat. "What makes you different?"

"You care about the symbol, don't you?" Dream let one of his hands fall to the blade on his thigh, let tanned fingers twist against the exposed handle. "It means you have power. It means you were born to the right parents." The king did nothing but narrow his eyes. "I could care less about *that*. I don't even know your name."

"Did you know my father's name?"

Dream shrugged carelessly. "It seems I've forgotten."

The king narrowed his eyes further, cast an accusing glance at Dream over the low orange light. His gaze held all kinds of negative emotions, though there was something thick and cloudy at the front of it all. Dream couldn't identify it.

"George." The word blew the flame towards Dream. It nearly snuffed it out entirely. "If my blood is on your hands, you might as well know my name."

"King George," Dream tutted. "How incredibly... *predictable*."

"Do you plan to actually take this thing from me?" George curled his fingers around the crown atop his head. "It's right in front of you, isn't it?"

He took the crown off his head. It left his hair more of a mess than what could be considered acceptable, especially for a king. Even if it was only mussed for the reason of something royal. Maybe George looked better like this—unprofessional, lit only by the moon and a soft orange glow.

And he was right with his words. But Dream was distracted.

"Would you kill me for it?" George held up the crown expectantly, his grip clumsy despite the object's importance. "I bet you were promised a lot of money for it."

"If I kill you," his voice was nearly invisible behind the mask he wore, "then who's king?"

George shrugged. "Someone."

"Do you want to be king?"

"I don't care."

"Then there's no reason to kill you," Dream extended his hand out to touch gold, "if you're already miserable."

"I'm not miserable." George reeled his hand back, pitting the crown just out of reach. "I actually quite like being king."

"So you *do* care."

Dream leaned closer to try and catch his fingers around the circlet. George took a proper step back,

slid his candle-bearing hand farther away from their bodies as he edged closer to the window. Dream didn't hesitate to follow, though he made no moves to corner the king properly.

"No," George insisted, "I don't."

"Do you want me to kill you?"

"Maybe I do." George's back hit the expanse of glass behind him. "Maybe I don't."

"You're backed up against a wall."

"So take it."

Dream slid his mask up above his lips. He let George see the twisted grin carved onto his face, let him see the rough scar that crossed them. And he took it—smashed their lips together in something so unexpected it sent everything in George's hands clattering to the floor.

The crown landed sideways, and with a sharp *pang* it bounced farther. And the wax candle rolled away, flame flicking out almost immediately. It left the moon alone in its illumination, left George's wide eyes and blushed cheeks to be lit solely in argent glow.

Dream didn't pull back until George parted his lips, didn't even think about stopping until he got the king to kiss him back. Cold hands lifted, pressed against a ceramic mask that hid a thief's identity—and Dream let the grinning face shatter against the tile floor. The sound of it made George jump, banging his head against the thick glass of the window, but when he opened his eyes he found a freckled face basked in silver, and his breath caught in his throat.

"How about now?" Dream let his lips ghost over the king's jaw, gloved hands finding their place on slim hips. "Want me to kill you now?"

His answer hadn't changed. "Maybe." It was only quivering now.

"I should," Dream warned. "You've seen my face."

George took a shaking breath. "I won't tell."

The lips on his face pushed harder, curling upwards in a challenging smirk. Fingers dug into his hips, shifting the fabric that covered them out of place. Dream chuckled, drawing himself closer to George's body, close enough so their bodies touched in more places than one.

"You won't?"

"Promise."

Dream pulled his mouth off the king's face, shifted himself to look down into his eyes. They looked larger now, pools of black swallowing shades of umber in cloudy lust, the freckles on his skin new in their visibility over pink-tinted cheeks. Dream moved one hand to grip George's chin, tipped his head up to angle their gazes to a better match, reveled in the way the king squirmed beneath his touch.

"You're a pretty little thing," Dream cooed, tone matching the smirk on his face. "Would you get on your knees for me if I let you keep your head?"

George tried to frown, but it didn't fit with the pathetic look in his eyes. "Only if you tell me your name."

“Dream.” He tilted his head to the side. “Now...” Dream cast his eyes sideways, gaze catching on the fallen crown. “I want you to listen to me.”

There was something eager in the way George nodded. It made Dream smirk wider, though he fell away from the king and the window. He didn’t miss the way George’s knees nearly buckled, or the way his entire body threatened to fall on the floor. He caught himself on the window and watched Dream pace away, bending down to pick up the discarded crown from its place on the floor.

He held it out to George. “You’re the king, aren’t you?” He even waved it in the air as if trying to beckon him. “Wear your crown, pretty.”

George stumbled his way over to Dream, gripping onto the crown with one hand. But Dream didn’t let go, only grinned wider and met George’s wanton gaze. When his fingers finally came uncurled from around the golden ring, George stumbled forward a step, pulling a laugh from Dream’s smirking lips.

Dream sauntered over to the empty throne and he let himself fall into it. It was comfortable, too comfortable, soft velvet against his aching back. And he let himself spread out in the lavish seat, twisted his neck slightly as if he could catch sight of George. He extended one hand out from the side of the throne, fingers twitching in a coaxing motion.

George obliged. It was hellishly intoxicating.

Dream only grew drunker from the power when George fell to his knees in front of the throne. He looked up at Dream with widening eyes, his crown placed lopsided on his head. Dream extended two hands carefully, straightened out the headdress and tugged George’s head closer, felt two hands rest gently on his clothed thighs and tug, the smallest hint of a whine crawling up the back of George’s throat.

“You’re so *good*.” His words were praising, but his tone was thick in mockery. “You already know what I want from you, yeah?”

“Dream.” His accent felt sharper when he whined out that word. “Tell me.”

Dream raised an eyebrow. “Tell you?”

“What you want.” His grip tightened on the fabric of Dream’s pants, nails long enough to make Dream wonder if they’d rip. “Tell me.”

Dream hummed low in amusement, placing one finger on George’s chin to tip his gaze up. He leaned down to position himself directly above his face, not missing the desperate haze in his eyes or the implications hidden behind the flush in his cheeks. It made Dream’s skin flare up—the king on his knees, practically begging for Dream to do something to him. Asking what he wanted. Letting the thief hold the power despite being the most powerful man in the kingdom.

God, it was hot.

“Open your mouth.”

George didn’t hesitate. His lips dropped open the moment Dream’s sentence finished, let his tongue press gently against his lower lip as if he was asking for something. Dream wasn’t sure exactly what *something* was in George’s mind, so he spit in his mouth. Let his saliva catch on the king’s tongue, watch his eyes flutter shut on a quiet whimper, use the finger still on his jaw to snap his mouth shut and hold it closed.

“Swallow.”

He swallowed.

Dream fell back against the throne, losing his hold on George’s face. But the king didn’t move away, only rose higher on his knees and let his lips fall apart slightly, two hands sliding up to catch on the waistband of Dream’s pants.

“Have at it,” Dream spoke sickly, his tone laced with vex, “*your majesty*.”

George whined properly, tugging Dream’s pants down enough to pull his cock out. It was pathetic how quick he was, surging forward to slide his tongue over the head. Dream put a hand on the base of his cock, pressing it against George’s open mouth and smearing precum across his lips. George fluttered his eyelids, slid forward to take Dream into his mouth properly, slim fingers moving up to press against the back of his gloved hand.

For a king, George *really* seemed to know what he was doing. He was all swirled tongues and tightened lips, sliding his head down to touch against the tangle of hands at the base of Dream’s cock. The drag of his lips was nothing short of perfect, the slide of his tongue matching in heaviness. He trailed the muscle deliberately up a vein on the underside of Dream’s cock, flicked over the slit on the upstroke and dove back down again to knock against their fingers.

If Dream didn’t know any better, he might’ve thought this was the brunet’s job—sucking cock for any vagrant who’d have him. But the crown on his head proved otherwise, the shining gold under the moonlight a pretty reminder of who he was. Dream let his free hand trail across the gold in lightness, let his lips curl upward into a smirk, let the cocky laugh fall past his lips and land heavy in George’s ears.

George had paused in his ministrations, lips tight around Dream’s cock and pushed against his leather-clad hand. He dug those pretty long nails into the covered side of Dream’s palm, eyebrows scrunching together on his blushed face. Dream let his head fall to the side, a breathy sound choking up his throat.

“I wish you could see how *pathetic* you look right now.”

George moaned, his eyes screwing shut. And those nails dared to press harder into the glove covering Dream’s skin, etching pretty crescent shapes into the side of the fabric, the dull pain he could feel even through the leather meeting with a sharp hiss through grit teeth—but no words of protest. Only the hand laid across the crown shifting back to grab a fistful of brown hair, tugging back with enough force to drag taut lips up his cock in tantalizing slowness.

Dream let the staggered breaths escape his lips without a second thought. They were drowned out by the whines in George’s throat, by the slick sounds of his mouth on Dream’s cock. Lines of spit fell from his mouth and down his chin, his mouth wet and hot and made of everything beautiful. His eyes had slid open again, pathetically wide and desperate, two wide-open caverns in a silent beg for *more*.

George sucked down on the head of Dream’s cock. Cloth caught beneath his fingernails when he broke dark gloves. Dream slammed his head down with enough force to pull a sound from his throat—something caught between a whimper and a tight-lipped scream.

But he didn’t gag. Not until Dream tugged his hand away and took George’s with it, not until he did the same thing again and felt his cock hit against the back of George’s throat, hearing the king he was supposed to bow down to gag all pretty on his cock like that.

Dream moaned properly, placing his gloved hand on George's spit-slick jaw and holding him there until he was squirming. Those same long nails pulled taut at his pants, and George attempted to gain enough leverage to pull his head up and off of Dream, but the blond was stronger and had a better angle.

"*God.*" Dream could barely meet George's gaze through half-shut lids, but even still he could see how desperate he was. "You look like a slut."

George keened at the word, moaning loud enough for Dream to feel it against his cock. He finally let go, and George wasted no time pulling his mouth off completely to clear his throat and choke. He wiped the spit off his mouth with the back of his hand, met Dream's eyes through the moonlit tension, dropped his swollen lips open and asked for more.

"Use me."

So Dream did. Grabbed his head with two hands and pulled him back down, spread his legs farther so he could fuck into George's mouth with better ease. And George kept his lips tight, kept his hands out of the way, let himself be an open mouth for Dream to fuck into where he sat on the throne.

When George closed his eyes, Dream spit on his face. Watched with interest as saliva slid across freckled cheeks, thick enough to drip onto the floor. George spread his knees and sank down farther, nearly knocking his teeth against the top of Dream's cock.

"Watch it," Dream warned. "Keep those teeth to yourself, whore."

The drip of venom in his tone tempted George to listen. Tempted him to tip his head up more, drawing his top teeth out of the way and letting his tongue cover the bottom. He tried to swirl his tongue every time Dream pulled him high enough to reach the tip, but it was more than difficult to keep up with the rough pace he'd set.

But when Dream paused to take a heavy breath—letting go of George's face where he sat with his cock taken to the hilt—George didn't pause with him. He dragged his lips up to the head of his cock, swallowing thick enough for Dream to see the way his throat moved. It left him groaning, hips rolling upward and shoving his cock far enough into George's mouth to elicit a gag, top teeth nearly catching on him again.

George slid his mouth back down all the way, let his head fall sideways so his cheek rested on Dream's thigh, the crown on his head shifting and pulling his hair with it. Dream reached down to slide his thumb against George's chin, collecting the spit that'd drooled out against his skin, pressing it harshly against the stretched corners of his mouth.

He looked like nothing but sin. Freckles darkened above pink tints, lips swelled from use, his tongue still wet and moving. He gave Dream the most desperate eyes through wisped lashes, dark and heavy like a curtain over irises. He whined, bounced once on his knees and lifted his head up, planted his hands on Dream's thighs and pulled off with a sickeningly hot *pop* from his tight lips.

"*Dream.*" The blond in question took a shuddered breath. "Come on. Please."

Dream tried to catch his breath. Dug through his chest nails—first to find it, pull it up through his throat in a pathetic gasp for air, gloved hands reaching to grab at George's face again. His fingers caught against the golden crown, shifting it back into place. It was a juxtaposition that Dream could get drunk on—that pretty, fucked-out face adorned with something so regal.

When he finally found his voice beneath the breath he'd lost so pitifully, he forced out a low-voiced question that may have looked better with a smirk. But it seems the flame to his cocky attitude had been extinguished. Perhaps George's spit had been wet enough to put it out completely.

"Are you begging for me?"

"I wanna make you come."

His voice was raspy, scratched and worn with use. It only made Dream *more* desperate to fulfill that pathetic request—and who'd he be to deny his king?

"As you wish," Dream huffed, sharp lips finally finding a way to grin. "Your majesty."

That name still made George whine, and the pretty sound was cut short when Dream shoved his cock back into his mouth. He caught his fingers under George's jaw, running hands down his throat to see if he could feel the shape of his cock through his skin.

He was pleased to find that he could. It was mesmerizing. Mesmerizing in a hot way, hot enough to make his cock jerk in George's mouth, hot enough to make him groan low and through his teeth.

Much to George's pleasure, Dream *was* getting close. It made his head fall back against the throne, his eyes losing George's for a moment too long. He was letting the king have at him, letting him move his mouth as he pleased with nothing more than the gentle warmth of Dream's hands on his face.

The leather of his gloves was rough against skin. George wasn't complaining, if anything he was leaning into the harsh cloth covering those hands, letting it drag against his skin sharper than the warm pads of his fingers.

Dream let his chin fall against his chest, groaned out something that sounded like the word *close* as he pulled George's tight lips off of his cock. He gripped onto his chin with one hand, rough leather on smooth skin, tugging him closer with the unforgiving hold and jerking his cock with his free hand.

That same rough leather dragged against his cock, but Dream didn't complain either. It only made him come faster, spilling in thick trails of white across pink-tinted skin. George had left his mouth open, eyes fluttering shut at the first touch of cum, letting Dream paint his pretty face filthy with his release.

Perhaps it actually made George prettier. When he pried his eyelids open to meet Dream's gaze, he decided that it *did* make him prettier. Stroked carelessly in strings of white, tongue swiping over swollen lips to catch any traces of it he could.

Silver glow painted stained cheekbones with gleam. George looked ethereal.

So Dream tugged him upward, letting him fall heavy into his lap. And he pressed their lips together again, *feeling* the way George's had swollen under the abuse, tasting himself in that pretty mouth. And in the midst of their heavy kiss—moving lips, desperate breaths, harsh presses—Dream slid his fingers across the cum he'd left on pale skin, parting from George just to shove those digits into his mouth.

He sucked them clean without needing to be asked. It pulled a grin across Dream's panting mouth, feeling George's lips tighten around his thumb and slide down to hit the leather of his gloves. Dream grabbed his chin with his free hand to push him off, not missing the way he tried to chase

after his finger before it was pulled from his mouth completely.

Dream laughed, breathy and near invisible. He drew his hands away from George, letting one arm fall limp against the side of the throne, the other slipping into his lap to grip his cock. He looked up at George where he was sitting in his lap, small hands reaching for his wrist as if that would get him something. Something like Dream's cock.

"Take your clothes off."

George had never stripped himself so quickly. The tug of his shirt over his head offset the crown again, but when he crawled back into Dream's lap—bare and thoughtless—Dream moved to straighten it out again. Then he grabbed onto both of George's thighs, pulled him forward until their chests knocked into each other and the dagger on his thigh dug into George's skin, sliding his lips up to catch on the front of his throat.

The only protest George could muster was a whimper, long nails pressing into Dream's shoulders through thick fabric. With the little logic he had left in his brain, he cried out that this was a bad idea. But no words fell past his lips, and he let Dream mark the front of his pale neck red—sure to turn purple by morning. Sure to be visible over his collar, sure to be obvious to anyone who bothered to look.

But that was the point. To mark the king violet—not in claim, but in a sick reminder. In Dream's head, it wasn't for the entire kingdom to see. It was for *George* to see. For George to see when he caught sight of his reflection, a bite-shaped mark left front and center on his pale throat, striking enough to fill his mind with the memory of this. Of being naked in Dream's lap, of writhing beneath his grip, of the soft *please* that fell past his lips every time Dream bared his teeth.

As if the throne itself wouldn't be a reminder enough.

When Dream moved to make another mark, George tugged harshly at his collar. He managed to spit out a single "*off*" between all his heavy breaths, barely loud enough for Dream to hear. But he did hear, and it made him grin against George's neck, hands falling from his waist to grab the hem of his shirt and strip his torso bare.

George didn't waste any time getting his hands on Dream. He slid his palms over his chest, inched himself closer where he sat on Dream's thighs, pressed their cocks together between their bodies and mashed lips back together again.

The kiss didn't last long, though. Dream was quick to break it, to press three fingers against George's bottom lip, unsurprised by the eagerness he exuded in taking them in his mouth. Dream pressed harshly against his closed lips, made George whine against him and swirl his tongue, wetting every inch of the digits Dream had let him have until he was reeling them back again.

"You want this?"

It would've been nice if his tone weren't so sinister. Would've been nice if it weren't paired with that now-signature grin, carved into his face like the mask that had been shattered on the floor. And he dragged a leather-clad hand down George's front, slid around his back to press a finger against his rim, enough stimulation to make him whine and push himself down against it.

Dream pulled back in time the motion. George whimpered.

"I want your words."

George swallowed, the bob of his Adam's apple visible to Dream's eye. "Yes please."

Dream's smirk etched higher in his cheeks, the tip of his finger finally pressing inside of George properly. The responding whimper was instantaneous, his hips already pressing down to suck more of Dream in. But Dream was slow, painfully slow, circling his finger inside of him to stretch him open. And he prodded with a second digit, let the spit-slick skin slide against him enough to make him whine.

"Please."

Dream hadn't known his voice could sound any more desperate. It made him laugh beneath his breath, pressing in up to the second knuckle. George keened, rolling his head back far enough for the crown to shift, but he pulled his gaze forward before it could fall from his head. Dream pressed the leather on his free hand against George's thigh, digging blunt nails into the skin of his hip.

"Don't lose your crown, now," Dream teased. "How else would I know you're my king?" George whimpered at the reminder. "You're acting desperate enough to make me forget, pretty."

In the midst of George's responding whine, Dream slid his finger in fully. His ears were met with another pretty whimper, and he tried to twist his finger inside of George as well as he could from the angle he had. He reveled in just how *tight* George was, that fact only emphasized by the position they were in.

"More," George babbled. "Dream, please, *more*."

Dream inhaled sharply, but he listened nonetheless. The press of his second finger still made George mewl despite it being *his* request, head falling heavy against Dream's shoulder. It pressed the cold metal of the crown against Dream's hot skin, the temperature of it different enough to make him hiss. It urged him to press both his fingers in harder, to savor the pathetic whine he got right in his ear, to push leather against George's rim and scissor his fingers inside him.

Drool started to coat his shoulder. Dream wouldn't have it any other way.

He stretched George hastily, his motions made careless by a lack of lubricant and lustful impatience. His cock was throbbing where it was pinned between their stomachs, once again rock hard and unassisted by the feel of George's cock pressed against the side of it.

So after one more thrust with two fingers, he pressed the third one in. It made George whine louder than before, made him dig his teeth into Dream's bare shoulder, the action met with a groan and a harsher thrust. It shifted his entire body where he sat, pressed his face and teeth *harder* against Dream's shoulder, made Dream dig his fingers into George's hip with less mercy—harsh enough to leave finger-shaped bruises on the expanse of skin.

Dream twisted the fingers inside of him, let the rough leather drag on George's skin in a way that was wanted, then he pulled out without a second thought. George lifted his head up from Dream's shoulder in a slow movement, lips stuck open and wet with too much spit.

Dream took George's waist with both hands, lifting his body to line him up properly. He looked up at George with lidded eyes, cocky smirk still spread across his lips. George would've hated the way it made him shiver if Dream wasn't so hot, but he was—so he let him pull his body down onto his cock in a swift movement, quick enough to make George scream out a moan.

He left no time to adjust. Dream held George with a harsh grip, thrusting his hips upward into George with enough force to shake the crown on his head. But George took it, took it with long nails in Dream's shoulders and the drag of pink scratches down his front. He moaned unabashedly at the ceiling, his sounds loud enough to bounce off the walls of the near-empty room and fill

Dream's ears twice with every moan.

He tugged George down to meet his thrusts. Practically manhandled him down onto his cock, fixated not only on how pretty his face was when he was getting fucked, but the way his shifting crown shone under the moonlight.

The sound of skin-on-skin was nearly as loud as George. It was nothing short of obscene, the way it echoed through the throne room every time Dream tugged George's body down, their forms colliding with unforgiving harshness in a sickly hot way.

George was painted silver and blue. It didn't only hit his crown—it hit his pale skin and the freckles scattered across it, it hit the whites of his eyes in a pretty glow and the sharpness of his jawline and cheekbones. Perhaps he was made by brushstrokes. Perhaps he was forged in sin.

Dream shifted his position ever so slightly, barely noticeable until he thrust upward again, and George practically *sobbed* in his lap. The sound he made was choked and strangled, caught halfway up his throat before it spilled past his lips.

“Right there!”

Dream groaned, thrusting up to hit the same spot again. He got another beautifully loud noise, another echoing moan to fill his ears with intoxicating hotness. So he did it again, and again, and again—until all those loud noises were blending together and he was striking George's prostate with every thrust.

Slim trails of blood started to trail down Dream's chest. He hadn't noticed the sting until he felt the slide of liquid, crimson caught beneath George's nails and staining his fingertips red. In a twisted way, it reminded Dream of himself. Painted filthy with something echoing with life, caught on his fingers in an unwanted stain—but it looked hot as hell on George's thin hands.

He let those nails dig further into the marks he'd made, let them drag harshly up and down against the grooves carved into his skin. And as George's face began to twist even more, his mouth slack and open on a pleasure-laced cry, Dream stopped. Let go of his hips and let George's body fall with one more perfect slam against his thighs, watched his eyes shoot open and well with tears.

“M so close...” he pleaded, shaking Dream's body with the dig of his nails. *“Please.”*

Dream laughed. “I'm not done with you yet, pretty.”

And he wasn't. He hauled George off his lap, enthralled by the shake of his legs and the way his body threatened to collapse on the ground. But Dream steadied him momentarily with hands on his moon-stroked shoulders, stood up on his own shaking legs and spun to be behind George.

Then he shoved him down against the throne, savoring the whine that came when his body collided with the hard surface. Dream tugged him around to be in the position he wanted—arms slung over one armrest and his hips held pretty on the other—and wasted no time before shoving his cock back inside him.

George sobbed again, letting Dream grab his hair through the top of the crown and tug his head back, let his nails scratch at the armrest of the throne until he feared he may leave marks. But maybe it wasn't fear—maybe he wanted to mark the throne he was supposed to respect. Wanted to ruin everything royal as much as Dream ruined him, relentless in the way he slammed into his body, hip bones harsh with every collision.

Dream leaned over to drape himself across George's back, pressed his temple against the cool

metal of the crown still placed daintily on his head, let his heaving breaths blow hot against George's ear.

"You like this?" he taunted. "Like being bent over your throne? All pretty and desperate for me?"

Unable to form words, George only mewled. His mouth was stuck open and drooling, producing nothing but spit to coat the surface below him and pathetic noises to fill Dream's ears. Dream had been missing his prostate for a moment too long, but when George shifted one of his knees forward he found it again.

It was easy to tell that he was hitting the right places, the room full of screams that somehow managed to be *louder* than before. Dream had never heard a voice so pretty, that swirling accent still sharp enough to pierce those lewd sounds, loud enough to drown out the groans he made against George's ear. Loud enough to cover the same noise of skin-on-skin, bouncing off the walls in perfection.

George got louder when he came. Managed to sputter out something close to "*coming!*" before he spilled all over the throne he was meant to sit in. And the thought of George making a mess of himself mixed with the tight feeling of him and the noises in the room, Dream came too. Spilled himself inside of George with one more harsh thrust before collapsing on top of his back.

They breathed heavy, the sounds mixing with George's periodic whimpers until Dream finally pulled out. He cleaned the both of them up rather carelessly and with George's discarded shirt, dropping the soiled fabric at the foot of his throne while he tugged his own top back over a scratched-up chest.

"I said I wouldn't kill you," Dream said slowly. "But I never said you got to keep this."

He took the crown of George's head and spun on his heel. George watched him approach the door to the throne room from the position he'd been left in—still twisted over the throne with messed up hair. Through his heaving breaths and spit-filled mouth, he managed to gasp out one final request.

"Will you come back tomorrow?" He gasped over the words. "So *you* can keep your head."

Dream turned to look over his shoulder, vision filled with the moon-bathed sight of George's twisted form. The glow of silver on all that pale skin was enough to make his breath catch in his throat, but he didn't let himself stare for too long.

"Your majesty," he cleared his throat, "I thought you promised."

"That was before." George twisted against his throne. "This is after."

Dream thought for a moment. "How about now?" he asked. "Do you want me to kill you now?"

"No," George admitted. "I want you to come back."

End Notes

yes dream calls george "pretty" as a nickname in this fic i think it's fun
and it works. pretty
hmm not much candles in this fic but. sh. it still fits the prompt

i will never not plug my [twitter](#) <3

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